

LYRICAL POEMS.

LYRICAL POEMS,

SELECTED FROM

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS

BETWEEN THE YEARS

1589 AND 1600.

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following sheets form the first portion of a work, to be continued hereafter, consisting of selections from early musical publications, where the airs, to which they are to be sung, accompany the words. The part now presented to the Members of the Percy Society comprises a period between the years 1589 and 1600. The composers of the airs were William Byrd, Thomas Morley, Thomas Weelkes, John Farmer, and John Dowland ; and we have arranged the lyrical productions, which were written for the music or the music for them, according to the respective dates of publication. It is possible that some of the works of which we have availed ourselves were reprints of earlier editions, but the fact is not so stated upon any of the old title-pages.

It was our intention, at one time, to have given a brief account of the various composers ; but we

found that the incidents of their lives were either so few, or so little known, that materials even for a scanty biography were not, in most cases, afforded.

The names of the authors of the words are nearly always wanting, and in the subsequent pages there is only a single exception to this remark: it applies to the Italian Madrigals, "englished, not to the sense of the original ditty, but after the affection of the note, by Thomas Watson." (p. 13). The meaning seems to be, that Watson made use of certain Italian madrigals, and wrote original English words to them: it is evident that he did not translate the Italian words, and we almost wish that he had done so, considering that those he has substituted, for the sake of greater novelty, are not at all equal to the character as a poet which Watson had acquired in 1590. We have, therefore, only selected three of them, two of which are tributes to Sir Philip Sidney, and the third an adulatory address to Queen Elizabeth: the others did not deserve quotation, the thoughts being generally poor and trite, and the feeble expressions constrained by the music to which Watson was obliged to conform. He was necessitous, and it seems likely that he was employed by Thomas East, the publisher, who gave him a small sum for the performance of a

task not very congenial to his nature, but for which Watson was, perhaps, resorted to on account of the celebrity of his name.

Although the circumstance is not, as in the instance of Watson, distinctly avowed, there is some ground for believing that an entire collection of sportive pieces, printed in 1595, was by another and a greater poet, Michael Drayton. We allude to Thomas Morley's "First Book of Ballads," or *Balletts*, as he calls them (p. 19). From these we have made a larger selection, and unquestionably they possess much greater excellence, not one of them being inferior to the reputation of their supposed author. The evidence upon the point is certainly extremely slight, and is rather internal than external, but nevertheless we acknowledge ourselves willing to indulge the notion, that a work not hitherto attributed to Drayton did, in fact, proceed from his pen.

With the exception of a few productions referred to in the foot-notes, the editor has not attempted to trace the authorship of the poems in the present brief collection, although, in some instances, the task would not have been one of any great difficulty; in others, however, it would have been impossible, and on the whole, it was thought better to leave the matter to the reading, or to the conjectures, of the Members of the Percy Society.

A peculiar interest attaches to one of the pieces in John Dowland's "First Book of Songs," (p. 57), on account of the initials W. S. being appended to it in a manuscript of the time preserved in the Hamburgh City library: it is inserted in "England's Helicon," 4to. 1600, as from Dowland's "Book of Tablature," without any name or initials; and looking at the character and language of the piece, it is at least not impossible that it was the work of our great dramatist, to whom it has been assigned by some continental critics. A copy of it was many years ago sent to the author by a German scholar of high reputation, under the conviction that the poem ought to be included in any future edition of the works of Shakespeare. It will be admitted that the lines are not unworthy of his pen, and from the quality of other productions in the same musical work, we may, perhaps, speculate whether Shakespeare were not the writer of some other poems there inserted. If we were to take it for granted, that a sonnet in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, was by Shakespeare, because it is there attributed to him, we might be sure that he was a warm admirer of Dowland,

———" whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense."

However, it is more than likely, that the sonnet in which this passage is found was by Barnfield,

and not by Shakespeare : it was printed by Barnfield in 1598, and reprinted by him in 1605, notwithstanding the intermediate appearance of it in "The Passionate Pilgrim." (Shakespeare by Collier, vol. viii. p. 566.)

It will be seen that our extracts from John Dowland's first and second books of songs are more numerous than from other publications, and the truth is, that they contain better specimens of the poetry of the time; for we have never been influenced in our choice by the circumstance of the mere rarity and curiosity of the works from which we have derived our extracts. It will be found that in more than one instance we have been able to complete poems only partially inserted in contemporaneous poetical miscellanies, and hitherto known only from such sources. Upon the purity, fancy, airiness and beauty of most of the lyrical pieces which follow, we need not enlarge.

BYRD'S SONGS OF SUNDRY NATURES.

1589.

[FROM "Songs of sundrie natures, some of grautie, and others of myrth," &c., "Lately made and composed" &c. "by William Byrd, one of the Gentlemen of the Queenes Maiesties honorable Chappell. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Byrd" &c. 1589. 4to.]

SONGS OF SUNDRY NATURES.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LOVER.

THE Nightingale, so pleasant and so gay,*
In greenwood groves delights to make his dwelling ;
In fields to flye, chanting his roundelaye
At liberty, against the cage rebelling ;
But my poore hart, with sorrowes over-swelling,
Through bondage vile bynding my freedome short,
No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
Nor in his song receiveth no comfort.†

* In a MS. of the time, in the possession of the Editor, the words are, "so *gladsome* and so gay." No author's name nor initials are appended to the song.

† This reduplication of the negative was the common phraseology of the time.

A LOVER'S ABSENCE.

O, DEERE life ! when may it bee,
 That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
 And in them my minde discover?*

Whether absence hath had force,
 Thy remembrance to deforce
 From the image of thy lover ?

O ! if I my selfe finde not,
 Through my parting †, ought forgot,
 Nor debard from beauties treasure,
 Let no tongue aspier to tell
 In what hie joyes I shall dwell ;
 Onely thought aymes at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee,
 To take up the place for mee ;
 Long I will not after tary.
 There unseene thou maist be bold
 These faire wonders to beehold,
 Which in them my hopes doe cary.

* In the original it stands, "*my* mind discover ;" but ought we not to read "*thy* mind discover" ?

† In the original, "through" is misprinted *though*.

LOVE UNCOMPELLED.

COMPELL the hauke to sit that is unman'd,*
 Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,
 Or bring the free against his will in band,
 Or move the sad a pleasant tale to heare,
 Your time is lost, and you are neere the neare;
 So Love ne learns by force the knot to knit:
 Hee serves but those that feele sweet fancies fitt.†

INSINCERITY IN LOVE.

WHEN I was otherwise then now I am,
 I loved more, but skylled not so much:
 Faire words and smiles could have contented than;
 My simple age and ignorance was such:
 But at the length experience made me wonder,
 That harts and tongues did lodge so farre asunder.

* See "Romeo and Juliet" act III. sc. 2, (Collier's Shakespeare vi. 439) respecting "unmanned" as a term of falconry.

† "Fancy" is to be taken, as in nearly all the writers of the time, in the sense of *love*. The circumstance is here mentioned in order to avoid the repetition of notes containing the same information.

PHILON, THE SHEPHERD, HIS SONG.*

WHYLE that the sunne with his beames hot
 Scorched the fruits in vale and mountaine,
 Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
 Sitting beside a christall fountaine,
 In shadow of a greene oke tree,
 Upon his pipe this song plaid hee:
 Adew love, adew love, untrue love!
 Untrue love, untrue love, adew love!
 Your minde is light, soone lost for a new love.

So long as I was in your sight
 I was as your hart, your soule, your treasure,
 And evermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
 Burning in flames beyond all measure.
 Three dayes endur'd your love for mee,
 And it was lost in other three.
 Adew, love, &c.

* This song is contained in "England's Helicon," Edit. 1600, 4to. Sign. V. 3 b, where it is given, as the foot-note states, "out of M. Bird's set Songs," referring of course to his "Songs of sundrie Natures," &c. No hint is found of the name of the author, and it was, probably, unknown to the collector of the poems in "England's Helicon:" had he known it, he would have inserted it.

Another shepherd you did see,
To whome your hart was soone enchaind;
Full soone your love was leapt from mee,
Full soone my place he had obtained.
Soone came a third your love to winne,
And wee were out, and he was in.
Adew, love, &c.

Sure, you have made me passing glad,
That you your mind so soone removed,
Before that I the leasure had
To chuse you for my best beloved;
For all my love was past and doonne
Two daies before it was begoonne.
Adew, love, &c.*

* The copy in "England's Helicon" has a corruption in the first line of the second stanza, where it reads, "in *young* sight;" and in the next line it has "*and* treasure," for "your treasure" of the original impression of 1589.

THE GOLDEN AND LEADEN ARROWS OF LOVE.

FROM Citheron the warlike boy is fled,
 And smiling sits upon a virgin's lappe ;
 Thereby to traine poore misers to the trappe,
 Whom beauty drawes with fancy to be fedde ;
 And when desire with eager lookes is ledde,
 Then from her eies the arrow flies
 Fether'd with flame, arm'd with a golden head.

There carelesse thoughts are freed of that flame,
 Wherwith hir thralls* are scorched to the hart:
 If Love would so, would God th' enchaunting dart
 Might once return and burne from whence it came!
 Not to deface of beautie's worke the frame,
 But by rebound it might be found
 What secret smart I suffer by the same.

If Love be just, then just is my desire,
 And if unjust, why is he call'd a god ?
 O god ! O god ! O just, reserve thy rod,
 To chasten those that from thy lawes retyre.
 But chuse aright, good Love, I thee require,
 The golden head, not that of lead,
 Hir hart is frost, and must dissolve by fire.

* "Thralls" is misprinted *tharles* in the original.

LOVE'S QUALITIES.

Is Love a boy? what means he then to strike?

Or is he blind? why will he bee a guide?

Is he a man? why doth he hurt his like?

Is he a god? why doth he men deride?

No one of these, but one compact of all;*

A wilful boy, a man still dealing blows,

Of purpose blynde to leade men to their thrall,

A god that rules unruly, God he knows.

Boy, pittie mee that am a childe againe;

Blinde, bee no more my guide to make mee stray;

Man, use thy might to force away my paine;

God, do me good, and lead me to my way:

And if thou beest a powre to mee unknowne,

Powre of my life, let heere thy grace bee showne.

* "But one compact of all," is but one made up, or compacted, of all. The word "compact" was in common use in this sense at the time, particularly by Shakespeare. See Collier's Shakespeare, viii. 377, &c.

CUPID'S DELIVERANCE.

UPON a sommer's day Love went to swim,
And cast himselfe into a sea of teares ;
The clouds call'd in their light, and heav'n waxt dym,
And sighes did raise a tempest, causing feares.
The naked boy could not so wield his armes,
But that the waves were maisters of his might,
And threatned him to worke far greater harmes,
If he devysed not to skape by flight.

Then, for a boat his quiver stood in stead,
His bow unbent did serve him for a mast ;
Wherby to sayle his cloth of vayle he spread,
His shafts for ores on either bord he cast.
From shipwracke safe this wag got thus to shore,
And sware to bathe in lovers teares no more.*

* This graceful invention is derived from a representation upon an ancient gem, and it has been employed in nearly all languages. In modern times we have had several engravings of Cupid thus steering through the waves.

CUPID'S INSIGNIFICANCE.

WHEN younglings first on Cupid fyxe their sight,
And see him naked, blindfold, and a boy,
Though bow and shafts and fier-brand be his might,
Yet weene they hee can worke them none any;
And therefore with his purpill wings they play,
For glorious seemeth Love, though light as fether,
And when they have done, they weene to scape away;
For blind men, say they, shoote they know not
whether.

But when by prooffe they find that hee did see,
And that his wound did rather dim their sight,
They wonder more how such a lad as hee
Should be of such surpassing powre and might.
But ants have galls, so hath the bee his sting :*
Then sheeld me, heaven, from such a subtile thing.

* A figure of not unfrequent occurrence: we shall meet with it again hereafter.

A CHRISTMAS CARROL.*

AN earthy tree a heavenly fruit it bare,
 A case of clay containd a crowne immortall,
 A crowne of crownes, a king, whose cost and care
 Redeemd poore man, whose race before was thrall
 To death, to dome, to paines of everlasting,
 By his sweet death skornes, stripes, and often fasting.

A starre above the starres, a sonne of light,
 Whose blessed beames this wretched earth bespred
 With hope of heaven, and of God's sonne the sight,
 Which in our flesh and sinfull soule lay dead.
 O faith, O hope, O joyes renownd for ever !
 O lively life, that deathlesse shall persever !

Then, let us sing the lullabyes of sleepe
 To this sweet babe, borne to awake us all
 From drowsie sinne, that made old Adam weepe,
 And by his fault gave to mankinde the fall ;
 For loe ! this day, the birth-day, day of daies,
 Somons our songs to give him laud and praise.

* It was not unusual to conclude a collection of profane songs, so to call them, by a pious poem set to music. We do not find the above Christmas Carrol mentioned in Mr. Sandys's excellent work, published in 1833.

ITALIAN MADRIGALS,

ENGLISHED BY T. WATSON.

1590.

[FROM "The first set of Italian Madrigals Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the noate. By Thomas Watson, Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent Madrigalls of Master William Byrd's, composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Este," &c. 1590. 4to.]

ITALIAN MADRIGALS.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.*

WHEN first my heedles eyes beheld with pleasure
In Astrophell both of nature and beauty al the trea-
sure,
In Astrophell whose worth exceeds al measure,
My fauning Muse, with hot desier surprysed,
Wyld me intreat I might not be dispysed.
But gentle Astrophell, with looks unfained,
Before I spake my praier intertaind,
And smiling said, Unles Stella dissembleth,
Her look so passionate my love resembleth.

* An allusion to Sir P. Sidney and to his "Astrophel and Stella," which was not printed until the year after these Madrigals were published. See the account of Nash's surreptitious edition of "Astrophel and Stella" in the Introduction to the Shakespeare Society's reprint of "Pierce Penneless's Supplication," 1592, p. xx. Only one copy of this impression of "Astrophel and Stella" appears to be known.

ON SIDNEY'S DEATH.*

How long with vain complayning,
How with dryry teares and joyes refrayning,
Shall we renew his dying,
Whose happy soule is flying,
Not in a place of sadnes,
But in eternall gladnes.
Sweet Sidney lives in heav'n ; therefore, let our weep-
ing
Be turnd to hymns and songs of plesant greeting.

* We are not to understand from what is said on the title-page of the collection from which this and other poems are copied, that they are translations from the Italian, but merely that the celebrated Thomas Watson undertook to furnish original English words to certain music by Byrd in the shape of "Italian Madrigals." This tribute by so distinguished a poet has never been mentioned in any account of Sidney or Watson. It is scarcely necessary to say that Sidney was killed in 1586 ; consequently, these verses were printed four years after his death.

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

THIS sweet and merry month of May,
While nature wantons in her pryme,
And byrds do sing, and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the joyfull time ;
I chuse the first for holly daie,
And greet Eliza with a ryme.
O beauteous queene of second Troy,
Take well in worth a simple toy.

* This poem would seem to have been more properly introductory of the rest, which bear evidence of having been written, as it were, to order: they do not at all sustain the reputation Watson had acquired, whose merits, as far as sonnets are concerned, Steevens would have raised above those of Shakespeare. This address to Elizabeth was written in May, perhaps 1590, and the words "of second Troy," in the last line but one, refer to the old romantic name given to London,—Troynovant.

MORLEY'S
FIRST BOOK OF BALLADS.

1595.

[FROM Thomas Morley's "First Booke of Balletts &c.
In London by Thomas Este. 1595."]



MORLEY'S
FIRST BOOK OF BALLADS.

M. M. D. TO THE AUTHOR.*

SUCH was old Orpheus' cunning,
That sencelesse things drew neere him,
And heards of beastes to heare him,
The stock, the stone, the oxe, the asse came run-
ning.
Morley, but this enchanting
To thee to be the musick-god is wanting;
And yet thou needst not feare him:
Draw thou the shepherds still, and bonny lasses,
And envie him not stocks, stones, oxen, asses.

* The initials M. M. D. are, probably, those of Master Michael Drayton, who, as far as we know, had commenced author four years earlier. See his "Harmony of the Church," 4to. 1591, reprinted by this Society. The editor has in his possession an original printed poem by Drayton, which is alluded to by Lodge in 1595, but which may have been afterwards suppressed, as no other copy of it is known.

KISSING AND KILLING.*

DAINTIE, fine, sweet Nimphe delightfull,
 While the sun aloft is mounting,
 Sit we heere our loves recounting, Fa, la, la, la,
 With sugred gloses,
 Among these roses.
 Fa, la, la, la.

Why alas! are you so spightfull,
 Daintie Nymph, but O! too cruell,
 Wilt thou kill thy deerest jewell? Fa, la, la, la.
 Kill, then, and blisse mee,
 But first come kisse mee.
 Fa, la, la, la.

* It may be suspected that several, if not all, of the poems set to music in this collection, were by Drayton, if he wrote the introductory address to Morley the composer. The airs are extremely sprightly and pleasing, and seem to be among the earliest specimens of what were subsequently familiarly called "Fa, la, las."

DEFIANCE TO LOVE.

SHOOT, false love, I care not,
 Spend thy shafts, and spare not. Fa, la, la.
 I feare not, I, thy might,
 And lesse I way* thy spight :
 All naked I unarme me,
 If thou canst, now shoot and harme me.
 So lightly I esteeme thee,
 As now a childe I deeme thee.
Fa, la, la, la.

Long thy bow did feare me,
 While thy pomp did bleare me. Fa, la, la.
 But now I doe perceive
 Thy art is to deceive ;
 And every simple lover
 All thy falsehood can discover :
 Then weepe, Love, and bee sorie,
 For thou hast lost thy glorie.
Fa, la, la, la.

* “ *I way*” is, of course, only the old form of *weigh*.

INVITATION TO MAY.*

Now is the month of Maying,
 When merry lads are playing, Fa, la, la.
 Each with his bonny lasse,
 Upon the greeny grasse.
 Fa, la, la.

The spring, clad all in gladnesse,
 Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse, Fa, la, la.
 And to the bagpipe's sound,
 The nimphes tread out their ground.
 Fa, la, la.

Fye, then! why sit wee musing,
 Yewthe's sweet delight refusing? Fa, la, la.
 Say, daynty nimphes, and speake,
 Shall we play at barly breake?†
 Fa, la, la.

* This ballad is still a popular performance in the Madrigal Society.

† A game often mentioned by old writers, and peculiar to the fine season of the year.

YOUTH AND AGE.*

SING wee and chaunt it,
While love doth grant it.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth :
Now is best leysure
To take our pleasure.

Fa, la, la, la.

All things invite us,
Now to delight us.
Hence, Care, be packing ;
No mirth be lacking.
Let spare no treasure
To lyve in pleasure.

Fa, la, la, la.

* This song is in a MS. in the editor's possession, without any variation.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT saith my dainty darling,
 Shall I now your love obtaine? Fa, la, la.
 Long time I sude for grace,
 And grace you graunted mee,
 When time should serve and place ;
 Can any fitter bee ?
 Fa, la, la, la.

This cristall running fountaine
 In his language saith, Come, love. Fa, la, la.
 The birds, the trees, the fields,
 Else none can us behold ;
 This banck soft lying yeeldes,
 And saith, Nice fooles bee bold.*
 Fa, la, la, la.

* "Nice" is here used in the ordinary old sense of *trifling*, or *scrupulous*. See Shakespeare, edit. Collier, iv. 348, v. 434, vi. 436, vii. 68, &c.

LOVE'S TRIUMPHS.

You that wont to my pipe's sound
 Daintely to tread your ground,
 Jolly shepherds and nimphes sweet,
 Lirum, lirum,*
 Here met together
 Under the wether,
 Hand in hand uniting,
 The lovely god come greet.
 Lirum, lirum.

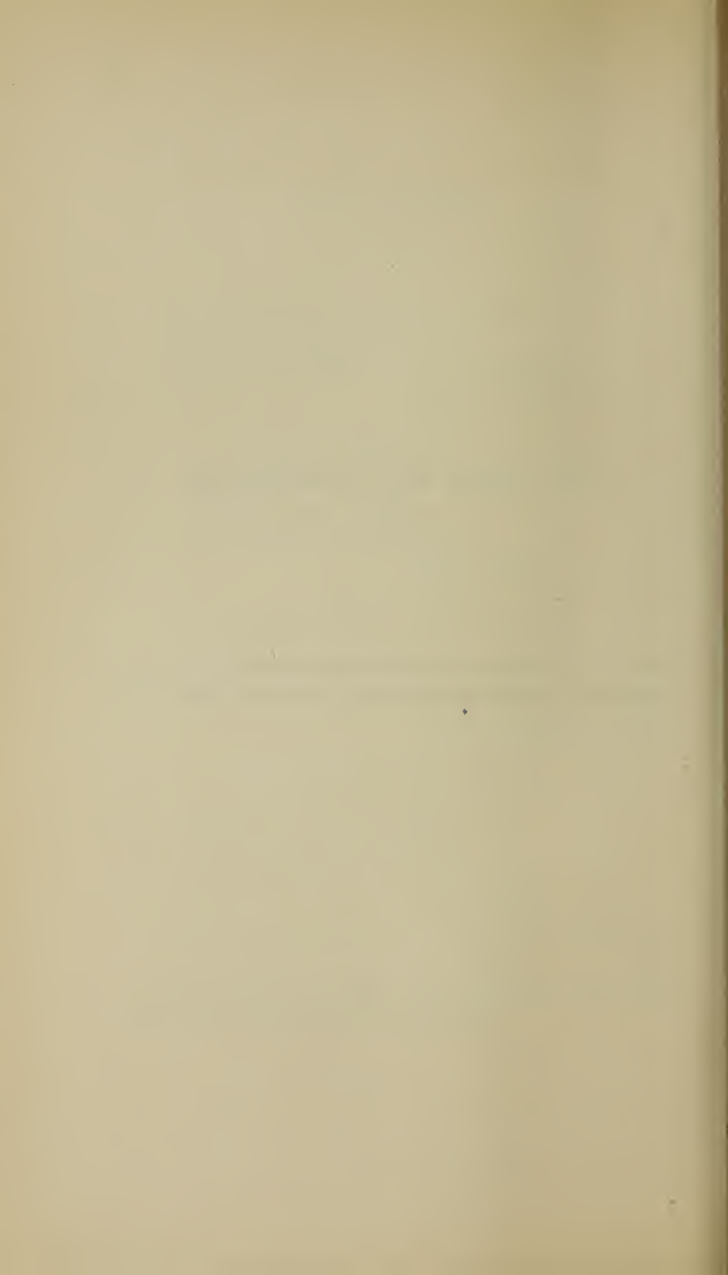
Lo ! triumphing brave comes hee,
 All in pomp and majestie,
 Monarch of the world, and king.
 Lirum, lirum.
 Let whoso list him,
 Dare to resist him,
 Wee, our voyce uniting,
 Of his high acts will sing.
 Lirum, lirum.

* "Lirum, lirum" is of course the burden of the song, and it seems not to have been peculiar to Morley.

NEW BOOK OF TABLATURE.

1596.

[From "A new Book of Tabliture, &c. for the Lute, Orpharion,
Bandora, &c. Printed at London for William Barley" &c.
1596. fol.]



NEW BOOK OF TABLATURE.

HOW CAN THE TREE.*

How can the tree but waste and wither away,
That hath not sometime comfort of the sunne?
How can the flower but vade and soone decay,
That alwaies is with dark clouds over runne?
Is this a life? nay, death I may it call,
That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

What foodles beast can live long in good plight?
Or is it life, where senses there be none?
Or what availeth eyes without their sight?
Or else a tongue to him that is alone?
Is this a life? &c.

Whereto serve eares, if that there be no sound?
Or such a head where no device doth grow?
But al of plaints, since sorrow is the ground
Whereby the heart doth pine in deadlie woe.
Is this a life? nay, death I may it call,
That feeles each paine, and knowes no joy at all.

* This song is contained in all the editions of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," where it is attributed to Lord Vaux. It seems to have been a popular production, and in the nonsensical drama of "Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes," (assigned by the Rev. A. Dyce to G. Peele) are some lines in the same spirit and measure, beginning 'How can that tree.'

DESPONDENCY.

SHORT is my rest whose toyle is over long ;
 My joyes are darke, but cleare is seene my woe :
 In safetie small great wracks I bide through wrong,
 Whose time is swift, and yet my hope but slow.
 Each grieve and wound in my poore soule appears,
 That laugheth houres, and weepeth many tears.*

Deedes of the day are fables for the night,
 Sighes of desire are smokes of thoughtfull teares :
 My steps are false, although my path is right ;
 Disgrace is bold, my favour full of feares.
 Disquiet sleepe keepes audit of my life,
 Where rare content doth make displeasure rife.

The dolefull clocke, which is the voice of time,
 Calles on my end before my hap is seene :
 Thus falle my hopes whose harmes have power to
 clime,
 Not come to have which long in wish have beene.
 I trust you love, and feare not others hate :
 Be you with me, and I have Cæsar's fate.

* Possibly we ought to read *yeares* for "teares," which word the compositor may have caught from the end of the next line but one.

THE LOVER'S DESPAIR.

Flow forth, abundant teares,
Bedew this dolefull face ;
Disorder now thy heares,
That lives in such disgrace.

Ah! death exceedeth farre
This life which I endure,
That still keeps me in warre,
Who can no peace procure.

I love whome I should hate ;
She flyes, I follow fast :
Such is my bitter state,
I wish no life to last.

Alas ! affection strong,
To whom I must obay,
My reason so doth wrong,
As it can beare no sway.

My field of flint I finde,
My harvest vaine desire ;
For he that sowed winde,
Now reapeth storme for hire.

Alas! like flowers of Spaine,*
 Thy graces rorie be;
 I pricke these hands of mine,
 For haste to gather thee.

But now shall sorrow slack;
 I yeeld to mortall strife:
 To die thus for thy sake
 Shall honour all my life.

LOVE, SORROW, AND DEATH.

LOVE is a spirit high presuming,
 That falleth oft ere he sit fast:
 Care is a sorrow long consuming,
 Which yet doth kill the heart at last:
 Death is a wrong to life and love;
 And I the paines of all must prove.

Words are but trifles in regarding,
 And passe away as puffes of winde;

* Probably we ought here to read "flowers of *spine*" in reference to their thorns; there seems no reason why flowers of "Spain" should be more *dewy* than those of other countries. "Flowers of *spine*" mean, of course, *thorny* flowers, such as prick the hands of gatherers.

Deedes are too long in their rewardinge,
 And out of sight are out of minde :
 And though* so little favour feed,
 As findes no fruit in word or deed.

Truth is a thought too long in triall,
 And knowne, but couldly entertainde ;
 Love is too long in his deniall,
 And in the end but hardly gainde ;
 And in the gaine the sweet so small,
 That I must taste the sowre of all.

But, oh ! the death too long enduring,
 Where nothing can my paine appease ;
 And, oh ! the cure too long in curing,
 Where patient hurt† hath never ease.
 And, oh ! that ever Love should know
 The ground whereof a grieve doth grow.

But, heavens, heale me from this hell,
 Or let me die, and I am well.

* "Though" is the reading of the original, but perhaps we ought to substitute *through*.

† "Where patient *hurt*" may be a misprint for *hart*, or *heart*, though not necessarily so. Literal errors in the words to songs have been frequent, from the earliest to the latest times.

LOVE IN DEATH.

THOUGHTS make men sigh, sighes make men sick at
hart,

Sicknes consumes, consumption killes at last:
Death is the end of everie deadlie smart,

And sweet the joy where every paine is past.
But, oh! the time of death too long delayed,
Where tried patience is too ill apayed!

Hope harpes on heaven, but lives in halfe a hell;

Hart thinkes of life, but findes a deadly hate;
Eares harke for blis, but heare a dolefull bell;

Eyes looke for joy, but see a wofull state.
But eyes and eares and hart and hope deceaved,
Tongue tels a truth, how is the minde conceaved.

Conceited thus to thinke but say no more,

To sigh and sob till sorrow have an end;
And so to die, till death may life restore,

Or carefull faith may finde a constant friend;
That patience may yet in her passion prove,
Just at my death I found my life of love.

EYES, HAIR, HANDS, AND WIT.

THOSE eyes that set my fancie on a fire,
 Those crisped haire which hold my hart in chaines,
 Those dainty hands which conquered my desire,
 That wit, which of my thought doth hold the raines;
 Then, Love, be judge what hart may therewith stand,*
 Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such a hand.

Those eyes for cleareness doth the starres surpasse,
 Those haire obscure the brightnes of the sunne,
 Those hands more white than ever ivorie was,
 That wit even to the skies hath glory wonne.

Oh, eyes, that pearce our hearts without remorce!
 Oh, haire of right that weares a royall crowne!†
 Oh, hands, that conquere more than Cæsar's force!
 Oh, wit, that turnes huge kingdomes upside downe!

* Ought we not to read, "may *these withstand*"?

† Hence we may infer that this poem was one of the many adulatory strains addressed to Queen Elizabeth.

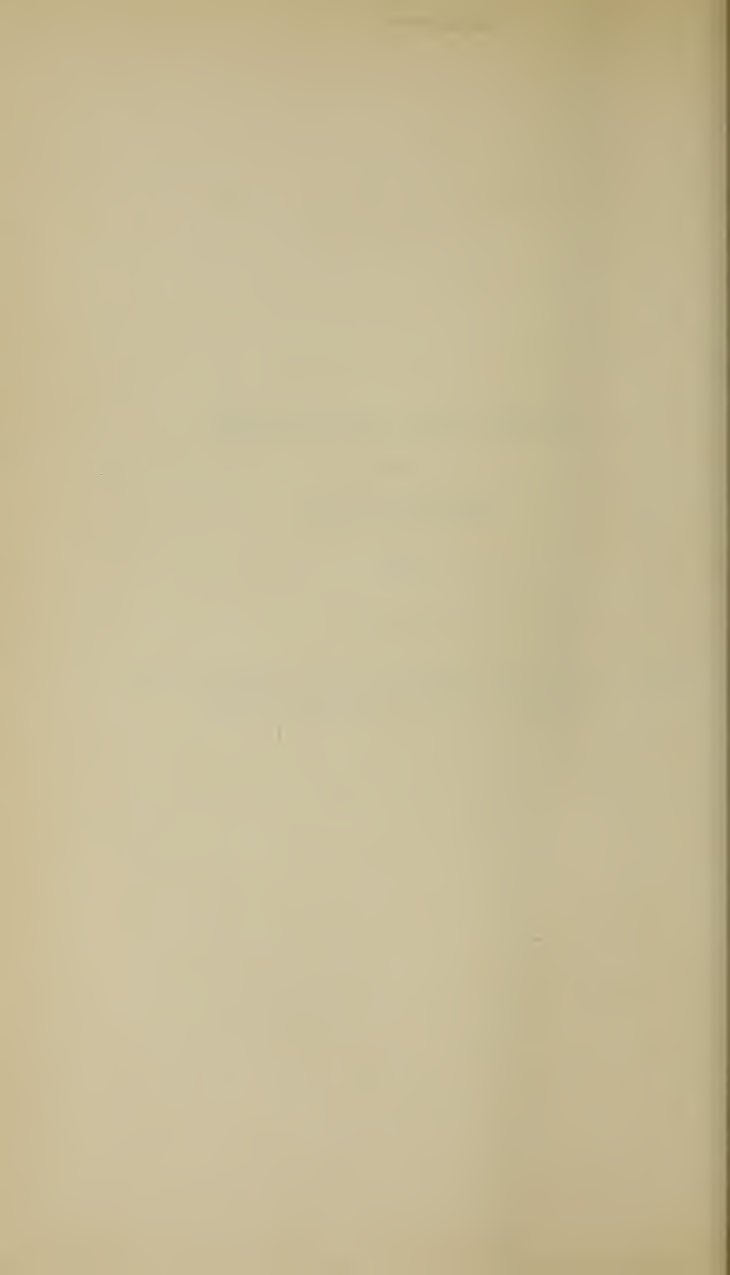
WEELKES' BALLADS

AND

MADRIGALS.

1598.

[From "Balletts and Madrigals," &c., by Thomas Weelkes.
At London, Printed by Thomas Este. 1598.]



WEELKES' BALLADS AND
MADRIGALS.

YOUTH AND PLEASURE.

WHILST youthfull sports are lasting,
To feasting turn our fasting ; Fa, la, la.
With revels, and with wassels,
Make grief and care our vassals.

Fa, la, la, la.

For youth it well beseemeth,
That pleasure hee esteemeth, Fa, la, la.
And sullen age is hated,
That mirth would have abated.

Fa, la, la, la.

SONG FOR MAY-MORNING.

SWEET-HART, arise ! why doe you sleep
When lovers wanton sports doe keep ?
The sunne doth shine, the birds doe sing,
And May delight and joy doth bring ;
Then, joyn we hands and daunce till night :
'Tis pittie love should want his right.

SPRING-SONG.*

IN pride of May
 The feelds are gay,
 The birds do sweetly sing :
 So nature would
 That all things should
 With joy begin the Spring. Fa, la, la.

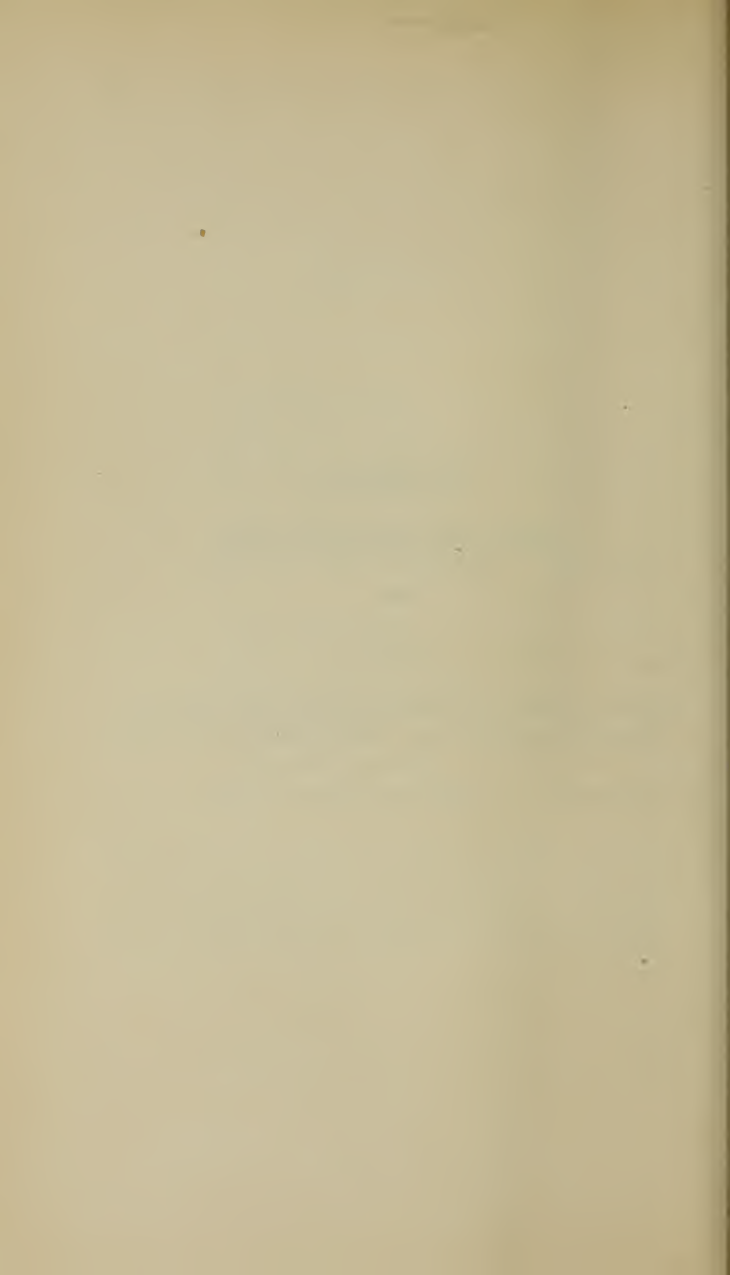
Then, lady deere,
 Doe you appeare,
 In beautie like the Spring :
 I well dare say,
 The birds that day,
 More cheerfully will sing. Fa, la, la.

* This graceful little lyric was set to music by other composers, and naturally appears to have been a favourite. There is no trace of authorship in any collection met with by the editor.

FARMER'S
ENGLISH MADRIGALS.

1599.

[From "The first set of English Madrigals, &c., Newly composed by John Farmer," &c. Printed at London, &c. 1599.]



FARMER'S
ENGLISH MADRIGALS.*

AN ODE.†

Now each creature joyes the other,
Passing happy daies and howers,
One bird reports unto another,
By the fall of silver showers ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

* They are dedicated by the composer to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was himself a poet.

† This is part of Daniel's "Ode," first printed in 1592, again in the same year, and often afterwards. Here it slightly varies, and in one place follows the 2nd edition of Daniel's "Delia." The original has four stanzas, of which the above is the first.

THE LOVER'S APPEAL TO FLOWERS.

You prety flowers, that smile for sommer's sake,
 Pul in your heads before my watry eies;
 Doe turne the meadowes to a standing lake,
 By whose untimely floods your glory dies:
 For loe! my heart resolvde to moistning aire,
 Feeding mine eies, which double teare for teare.*

CONSTANCY RECOMMENDED.

You'LL never leave still tossing to and fro,
 Till at the last you catch a fall;
 For wavering minds doth alwaies harbor woe,
 Loosing true friendship, love and all.
 Be constant, then, and thou shalt find it best
 To scorn the world in hope to live at rest.

* The above, like the preceding, would seem to be the beginning of a poem, the sense being hardly complete at the end of the stanza.

THE COY MAIDEN'S CONSENT.

O! STAY, sweet love, see here the place of sporting;
These gentle flowers smile sweetly to invite us,
And chirping birds are hitherwards resorting,
Warbling sweet notes only to delight us.
Then stay, dear love, for though thou run from me,
Run neere so faste, yet I will follow thee.

I thought, my love, that I should overtake you:
Sweet hart, sit downe under this shadowed tree,
And I will promise never to forsake you,
So you will grant to me a lover's fee.
Whereat she smild, and kindly to me saide,
I never meant to live and dye a maide.

THE FLIGHT OF PHILLIS.

FAIR Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flocke neere to the mountaine side,
The shepherds knew not whither shee was gone,
But after her her lover, Amyntas, hied.
He wandred up and downe whilst she was missing:
When he found her, then they fell a kissing.

TIME NOT TO BE LOST.

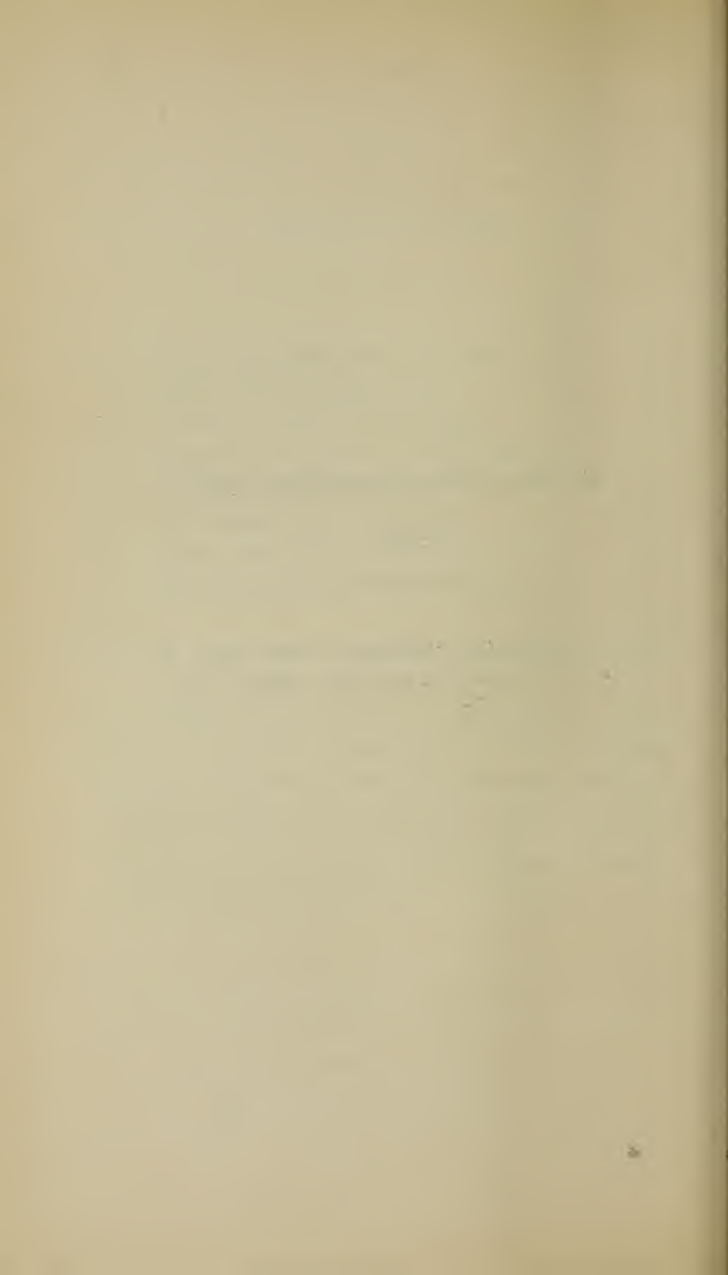
TAKE time, while time doth last ;
Mark how faire fadeth fast.*
Beware, beware, if envy raigne
Beware, take heede of proude disdainē.
Hold fast now in thy youth ;
Now regard thy vowed truth,
Least, when thou waxeth old,
Friends fayle, and love grow cold.

* "Faire" in this line is used for *fairness*, as was very customary with most writers of the time; but, perhaps, with none was it so common as with Thomas Lodge, who was a considerable lyric poet, and printed a collection in 1593, under the title of "Phyllis: honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and Amorous Delights." His "Scillae's Metamorphosis" had come out four years earlier: the supposed reprint of it, in 1610, is only a re-issue of some unsold copies with a new title-page.

T. MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.

1600.

[From Thomas Morley's "Madrigals to foure voices. At
London. Printed by Thomas Este. 1600." 4to.]



T. MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.

THE MAID IN MAY.

ON a faire morning, as I came by the way,
Met I with a merry maide, in the merry month of
 May,
When sweet Love sings his lovely, lovely lay,
And every bird upon the bush bechirps it up so gay.

With a heave ho, and a heave ho !*
Thy wife shall be thy maister, I trow :
Sing care away, let the world go,
Hey lustily all in a row, in a row !

* "Heave ho!" was usually the burden of sea-song, sometimes with the addition of "rumbelow," the meaning of which is not very intelligible: Nash inserts it in one of his tracts against Harvey. However, the same author, in his "Summer's Last Will and Testament," has

Trip and go, *heave and ho!*

as the burden of a song to a morris-dance.

FALSE CLARINDA.*

CLARINDA false, adew, thy love torments me :
 Let Thirsis have thy hart, since he contents thee.

O, grieffe, and bitter anguish !

For thee I languish :

Faine I, alas ! would hide it,

O ! but who can abide it ?

I can, I cannot, I, abide it,

Adew, adew, adew then :

Farewell !

Leave me, my death now desiring,

Thou hast, loe ! thy requiring.

So spake Philistus on his hooke relying,

And sweetly fell a dying.

Since my teares and lamenting,

False love, bred thy contenting,

Still thus to weep for ever,

These fountaines shall persever,

Till my heart, grief brim-filled,

Out alas ! be distilled.

So spake he on his hooke relying,

And sweetly fell a dying.

* The first part of this poem is in "England's Helicon," Edit. 1600. 4to. Sign. S. The second verse is not there preserved.

FALSE DORUS.*

IN dew of roses steeping
 Her lovely cheekes, Lycoris sat weeping :
 Ah, Dorus false ! thou hast my hart bereft me,
 And now, unkind, hast left me.
 Heare, alas ! O, heare me !
 Aye mee ! aye mee !
 Cannot my beautie move thee ?
 Pitty, then, pittie mee,
 Because I love thee.
 Aye mee ! thou scorn'st the more I pray thee,
 And this thou dost to slay mee.
 Ah ! doe, then, doe, kill mee and vaunt thee ;
 Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.

A MISTRESS AND THE MONTHS.

APRILL is my mistris face,
 And July in her eies hath place,
 Within her bosom is September,
 But in her hart a cold December.

* This poem is also in "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to. Sign. V. 4, and it is there given, like "False Clorinda," as "out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls." There are some variations between the two copies, but hardly worth pointing out.

LOVE AND MAY.

Now is the gentle season, freshly flowring,
 To sing, and play, and daunce, while May endureth,
 And woo, and wed, that sweet delight procureth.

The fields abroad with spangled flowers are guilded,
 The meads are mantled, and closes,
 In May each bush arayed, and sweet wild roses.
 The nightingale her bowre hath gaily builded,
 And full of kindly lust and loves inspiring,
 I love, I love, she sings, her mate desiring.

THE MORRIS DANCE.

HOE! who comes here along with bagpiping and
 drumming?
 O! the morris 'tis I see, the morris daunce a comming.
 Come, ladies, come, come quickly,
 And see how trim they daunce, and trickly.
 Hey, there againe! hey ho, there againe!
 How the bells they shake it!
 Now for our towne; there, and take it.
 Soft awhile, not away so fast; they melt them:
 Piper, piper, piper! be hang'd a while, knave, the
 dauncers swelt them.
 Out there, out a while! you come too far, I say, in:
 Give the hobby-horse more roome to play in.

DOWLAND'S FIRST BOOK OF SONGS.

1600.

[From "The First Booke of Songes or Ayres," &c. "Composed by John Dowland, &c. newly corrected and amended. Printed by Peter Short," &c. 1600. fol.]

DOWLAND'S FIRST BOOK OF SONGS.

TO CYNTHIA.*

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love,
Mount, love, unto the moone in cleerest night,
And say, as she doth in the heavens moove,
In earth so wanes and waxes my delight.
And whisper this, but softly in her eares,
Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

And you, my thoughts, that some mistrust do cary,
If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame,
Say, though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As she doth change, and yet remaine the same.
Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect,
And love is sweetest seas'ned with suspect.

* In "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to. Sign. X. b, where, in reference to it and two preceding poems, we read the following note:—"These three ditties were taken out of Maister John Dowland's booke of tableture for the Lute, the Authours names not there set downe, and, therefore, left to their owners." The stanzas are subscribed W. S. in an English Common-place book in the City Library of Hamburgh, and have been by some considered the authorship of Shakespeare. See "New Particulars," &c. 1836. p. 66.

If she for this with cloudes do maske her eies,
 And make the heavens darke with her disdain,
 With windie sighes disperse them in the skies,
 Or with thy teares dissolve them into raine.
 Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more,
 Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

THE RETIRED COURTIER.*

His golden locks hath Time to silver turnde,
 O time too swift ! O swiftnes never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurnd,
 But spurnd in vaine ; youth waneth by encreasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seene,
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever greene.

* These lines certainly had some personal application, and read as if they had been written for Lord Burghley when, in his old age, he withdrew from court; excepting that the subject of them must have been a soldier, if we interpret the second stanza literally. See, respecting the retirement of Lord Burghley in 1591, "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry, and the Stage," i. 283. It seems to have been occasioned by domestic afflictions, and during his melancholy Lord Burghley resided in some cottage near his splendid residence at Theobalds, until he was visited by the Queen, to induce him to return to court.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lover's sonets turne to holy psalmes :
 A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on praiers* which are ages almes ;
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'le teach his swaines this caroll for a song :
 Blest be the hearts that wish my soveraigne well !
 Curst be the soule that thinks her any wrong !
 Goddes, † allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

WELCOME TO LOVE.

AWAKE, sweet love ! thou art return'd :
 My hart which long in absence mourn'd,
 Lives now in perfect joy.
 Let love, which never absent dies,
 Now live for ever in her eies,
 Whence came my first annoy.

* "Prayers" here, as frequently in Shakespeare and in most authors of the time, is to be read as a dissyllable.

† It does not appear what divinity was addressed ; probably the Queen, under the character of Minerva.

Onely her selfe hath seemed faire,
 She onely I could love ;
She onely drave me to dispaire,
 When she unkind did prove.
Dispaire did make me wish to die,
 That I my joies might end ;
She onely which did make me flie,
 My state may now amend.

If she esteeme thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
 Which so dispaire hath proved :
Dispaire hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconstant be,
 Though long in vaine I loved.

If she at last reward thy love,
 And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter prove,
 Rais'de up from deepe dispaire.
And if that now thou welcome be,
 When thou with her dost meete,
She all this while but plaide with thee,
 To make thy joies more sweet.

CUPID'S PRAISE.*

AWAY with these selfe-loving lads,
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;
 Away, poore soules, that sigh and weepe
 In love of them that lie and sleepe,
 For Cupid is a medow god,
 And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destinie,
 Doth either good or ill decree:
 Desert is borne out of his bow,
 Reward upon his foote doth go.
 What fooles are they that have not knowne,
 That Love likes no lawes but his owne!

My songs they be of Cinthia's praise:
 I weare her rings on holidiaies,
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same.
 Where honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seene of his.

* See England's Helicon, 1600, 4to. Sign. X. where this song is given with some slight changes. It is there entitled "Another of his Cinthia." According to this authority, the epithet in line 5, "For Cupid is a *medow* god," is not a misprint. Ellis (Specimens, ii. 266), assigns the poem to Lord Brook.

If Cinthia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree ;
 If doubt do darken things held deare,
 Then well fare nothing once a yeare ;
 For many runne, but one must win :
 Fooles only hedge the cuckoo in.*

The worth that worthinesse should move
 Is love, which is the bow of love ;
 And love as well the foster† can,
 As can the mighty noble-man.
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without love nought worth to me.

* Referring to A. Borde's tales of the "Wise men of Gotham," who endeavoured to secure the cuckoo by making a hedge round it. See Mr. Halliwell's reprint, 12mo. 1840, p. ii. The following early and curious notice of this jest-book and other works of fancy and romance, may be added to those mentioned by the editor: "Bevis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, Arthur of the round table, Huon of Bourdeaux, Oliver of the Castle, the foure sonnes of Amond, the wittie devices of Gargantua, Howleglas, Esop, Robyn Hoode, Adam Bell, Frier Rushe, the Fooles of Gotham, and a thousand such other." "A briefe and necessary Instruction," &c. By E. D. 1572. 8vo. Among the "such other" are "Tales of Robin Goodfellow," "Songes and Sonets," "Pallaces of Pleasure," "The Court of Venus," "The Castle of Love," &c.

† A "foster" is of course a *forester*. In "England's Helicon" *shepherd* is substituted for "forster."

A SERENADE.*

COME, away ! come, sweet love ;
The goulden morning breakes,
All the earth, all the aire,
Of love and pleasure speakes.
Teach thine armes, then, to embrace,
And sweet rosie lips to kisse,
And mixe our soules in mutual blisse :
Eies were made for beauties grace,
Vewing, ruing love-long paine,
Procurd by beauties rude disdain.

Come, away ! come, sweet love ;
The goulden morning wasts,
While the sun from his sphere,
His fierie arrowes casts.
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the grove,
To entertaine the stealth of love :
Thether, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

* In "England's Helicon," where it is inserted under the title of "To his Love."

Come, away ! come, sweet love ;
 Do not in vaine adorne
 Beauties grace, that should rise
 Like to the naked morne :
 Lillies on the river side,
 And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
 Desire no beauties but their owne.
 Ornament is nurce of pride,
 Pleasure measure love's delight.
 Haste, then, sweet love, our wished flight.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

Go, christall teares, like to the morning showers,
 And sweetly weepe into thy ladies brest ;
 And as the deawes revive the drooping flowers,
 Let your drops of pittie be adrest
 To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
 Which sleepe too sound, whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restlesse sighs, and let your burning breath
 Dissolve the ice of her indurate hart,
 Whose frozen rigor, like forgetfull death,
 Feeles never any touch of my desart ;
 Yet sighes and teares to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spotles hart, and patient eies.

LOVE DISDAINED.

BURST forth, my teares, assist my forward grieffe,
 And shew what paine imperious love provokes ;
 Kind, tender lambes, lament love's scant reliefe,
 And pine since pensive care my freedome yokes:
 O! pine to see me pine, my tender flockes.

Sad pining care, that never may have peace,
 At beautys gate in hope of pittty knocks ;
 But mercy sleeps while deep disdaines encrease,
 And beauty hope in her faire bosome yokes.
 O! grieve to heare my grieffe, my tender flockes.

Like to the windes my sighs have winged beene,
 Yet are my sighes and sutes repaide with mocks ;
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teene ;
 O! ruthles rigor, harder then the rockes,
 That both the shepherd kils, and his poore flockes.

* Headed "To his Flocks" in "England's Helicon," Sign. V. 4, b. It is not there stated to have been taken from Dowland's book, and it is printed in italic type. There are minute variations, one only of which has been adopted, viz. in the 3rd line of stanza 2, "*disdaines* encrease," instead of "*disdaine* encrease." In the next line it might seem to be an improvement in both copies to substitute *locks* for "yokes."

CONSTANCY.

DEARE, if you change, Ile never chuse againe,
 Sweete, if you shrinke, Ile never thinke of love,
 Faire, if you faile, Ile judge all beauty vaine,
 Wise, if to weake, mo wits Ile never prove.*
 Deare, sweete, faire, wise, change, shrinke not, nor be
 weake,
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never breake.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heav'n adorne,
 Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe
 shall move;
 Fire heate shall loose, and frosts of flames be borne,
 Aire, made to shine, as blacke as hell shall prove:
 Earth, heaven, fire, aire, the world transform'd shall
 view,
 Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

* "If to weake," in this line, is of course to be read "if *too* weake;" and the word "mo" was a very common poetical abridgement of *more*.

DOWLAND'S
SECOND BOOK OF SONGS.

1600.

[From "The second Booke of Songs or Ayres," &c. Composed
by John Dowland, Batcheler in Musick, and Lutenist to the
King of Denmark. London. 1600. fol.]

DOWLAND'S
SECOND BOOK OF SONGS.

HIS LADY'S GRIEF.*

I SAW my lady weepe,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those faire eyes, where all perfections keepe.
Hir face was full of woe,
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts,
Then mirth can doe with hir intysing parts.

Sorow was there made faire,
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare;
Shee made hir sighes to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O! fayrer then ought ells
The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,
Inough, inough, your joyfull looke excells:
Teares kill the heart, believe.
O! strive not to bee excellent in woe,
Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

* On the title-page Dowland calls himself Lutenist to the king of Denmark; and he dates his dedication, to the Countess of Denmark, from Elsinore, 1st June, 1600.

THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

WHAT poore astronomers are they
 Take women's eyes for stars,
 And set their thoughts in battell ray
 To fight such idle warres,
 When in the end they shall approve
 'Tis but a jeast drawne out of love.

And love itselſe is but a jeast,
 Devisde by idle heads
 To catch yong fancies in the neast,
 And lay it in fooles beds;
 That being hatcht in beauties eyes,
 They may be flidge ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see
 How wit will run on wheeles,
 While wit cannot perswaded be
 With that which reason feeles;
 That women's eyes and starres are odde,
 And Love is but a fained god.

But such as will run mad with will,
 I cannot cleare their sight,
 But leave them to their studie still,
 To looke where is no light;
 Till time too late we make them trie,
 They study false astronomie.

TRUE LOVE IS SILENT.

THE lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall,*
 The flie her spleene, the little sparke his heate,
 And slender haire cast shadowes, though but small,
 And bees have stings, although they be not great :
 Seas have their source, and so have shallowe springs,
 And love is love in beggers and in kings.

Where waters smoothest run, deep are the foords,
 The diall stirres, yet none perceives it move ;
 The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;
 The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love :
 True hearts have eyes and eares, no tongues to speake ;
 They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they breake.

* Greene and other poets have this thought. The fulness of page 53 would not allow us to point out these four lines attributed to Greene in "England's Parnassus," 1600, p. 411, obviously the original of the song headed "A Mistress and the Months."

"Faire is my love, for Aprill in her face ;
 Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
 And lordly July in her eyes hath place ;
 But cold December dwelleth in her hart."

THE BEE.*

It was a time when silly bees could speake,
 And in that time I was a silly bee,
 Who fed on time until my heart gan break,
 Yet never found the time would favour mee.
 Of all the swarme I onely did not thrive,
 Yet brought I waxe and honey to the hive.

Then thus I buz'd when time no sap would give ;
 Why should this blessed time to me be drie,
 Sith by this time the lazie drone doth live,
 The waspe, the worme, the gnat, the butterflie ?
 Mated with grieffe I kneeled on my knees,
 And thus complain'd unto the King of Bees.

My liege, God graunt thy time may never end,
 And yet vouchsafe to heare my plaint of time,
 Which fruitlesse flies have found to have a friend,
 And I cast downe when atomies do clime.
 The king replied but thus :—Peace ! peevish bee,
 Th'art bound to serve the time, the time not thee.

* These stanzas, and others of similar import (with the alteration of *Queen* for "King" in the third stanza) are attributed to the unfortunate Earl of Essex in various manuscripts of the time: they are supposed to relate to his disgrace at court, and to his jealousy of Raleigh.

HIS MISTRESS'S BEAUTY.

I MUST complaine, yet do enjoy my love,
 She is too faire, too rich in beauties parts :
 Thence is my grieffe ; for Nature, while she strove
 With all her graces and divinest artes
 To forme her too too beautifull of hue,*
 She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I aggriev'd then wish she were lesse faire ?
 That were repugnant to my own desires :
 She is admired ; new suters still repaire,
 That kindle dayly loves forgetfull fires.
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,
 She hath more beautie then becomes the chast.

* We give this line exactly as it stands in the original, but see an essay by Mr. Halliwell in vol. I. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," p. 39, in which various instances are collected to prove that "too too" formed "essentially one word" of old, and that it was therefore most commonly printed with a hyphen. When Gabriel Harvey uses "too too," he places the hyphen after the second "too;" as "too too-malapert," "too too-hot:" see "Pierce's Supererrogation," 1593, p. 88.

LOVE AND CRUELTY

FIE on this faining !

Is love without desire ?

Heat still remaining,

And yet no sparke of fire ?

Thou art untrue, nor wert with fancie moved,

For desire hath powre on all that ever loved.

Shew some relenting,

Or graunt thou doest now love ;*

Two hearts consenting,

Shall they no comforts prove ?

Yeeld, or confesse that love is without pleasure,

And that womens bounties rob men of their treasure.

Truth is not placed

In words and forced smiles ;

Love is not graced

With that which still beguiles ;

Love or dislike yeeld fire, or give no fuell,

So maist thou prove kind, or at the least less cruell.

* Possibly we ought to read " Or graunt thou doest *not* love ;" but either word affords a meaning, and no change is absolutely necessary.

SLEEP.

WEEPE you no more, sad fountaines,
 What need you flow so fast?
 Looke how the snowie mountaines,
 Heav'ns sunne doth gently waste.
 But my sunne's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That nowe lie sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.*

Sleepe is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets:
 Doth not the sunne rise smiling,
 When faire at even he sets?
 Rest you, then rest, sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping,
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

* Our form of printing this beautiful lyric is that of the old edition; the music, which accompanies it, being most charmingly adapted to the expression of what may be considered the last line of each stanza, "Softly, now lies sleeping."

THE FORSAKEN FATHER.

FAREWELL, unkind, farewell,
 To me no more a father:*
 Since my heart holdes my love most deare,
 The wealth which thou doest reape,
 Another's hand must gather.
 Though thy heart still lies buried there,
 Then farewell, O! farewell,
 Welcome my love, my joy for ever!

'Tis not the vaine desire
 Of humane fleeting beautie,
 Makes my mind to live,
 Though my meanes do die;
 Nor do I nature wrong,
 Though I forget my dutie:
 Love, not in the bloud,
 But in the spirit doth lie.
 Then farewell, &c.

* This appears to be a song for some character in a play, renouncing parental authority in favour of that of Love. We have met with no drama in which it is introduced, and perhaps it was one of the many which have perished.

THE VAIN PURSUIT.*

O! WHAT hath overwrought
 My all amazed thought,
 Or whereto am I brought,
 That thus in vaine have sought,
 Till time and truth have taught,
 I labour all for nought?

The day, I see, is cleere,
 But I am nere the neere,
 For grief doth still appeare,
 To crosse our merry cheere;
 While I can nothing heare,
 But winter all the yeare.

Cold, hold!

The sun wil shine warme,
 Therefore now feare no harme.
 O! blessed beames
 Where beauty streames,
 Happy, happy light to loves dreames!

* The two first stanzas are, perhaps, among the latest specimens of what were called "Skeltonical Verses," from the circumstance that John Skelton was supposed to be the inventor of that style of composition. The Rev. Mr. Dyce does not seem to have been aware of their existence.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

By a fountaine where I lay,
All blessed be that blessed day!
By the glimring of the sun,
O! never bee that shining done!
 When I might see alone,
 My true love's fairest one,
 Love's deer delight,
 Love's cleare sight;
No world's eyes can clearer see,
A fairer sight none, none can bee.

A faire with garlands all adrest,
Was never nymph more fairely blest,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she ever blessed bee,
 Came to this fountaine neere,
 With such smiling cheere;
 Such a face,
 Such a grace,
Happie, happie eyes that see,
Such a heavenly sight as shee!

Then I forthwith tooke my pipe,
Which I all faire and cleane did wipe,
And upon a heav'nly ground,
All in the grace of beautie found,

Plaid this roundelay:
 Welcome, faire Queene of May!
 Sing, sweete aire,
 Welcome faire !

Welcome be the shepheard's queene,
 The glory of all our greene!

LOVE IS HEAVEN.

LEND your eares to my sorrow,
 Good people that have any pitie,
 For no eyes will I borrow,
 Mine own shal grace my dolefull ditty.
 Chant, then, my voice,
 Though rude like to my riming,
 And tell forth my grieffe, which here
 In sad despaire can find no ease of tormenting.

Once I liv'd, once I knew delight,
 No grieffe did shadowe then my pleasure:
 Grac'd with love, cheer'd with beauties sight,
 I joyed alone true heav'nly treasure.
 O! what a heaven is love firmly embraced,
 Such power alone can fixe delight,
 In Fortune's bosome ever placed.

Cold as ice frozen is that hart
 Where no thought of love could no time enter:
 Such of life reape the poorest part,
 Whose weight cleaves to this earthly center.

Mutual joies, in hearts truly united,
 Doth earth to heavenly state convert,
 Like heav'n still in it selfe delighted.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Behold a wonder here,
 Love hath received his sight!
 Which many hundred year
 Hath not beheld the light.

Such beames infused bee
 By Cynthia in his eyes,
 As first have made him see,
 And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weepe
 For them that laugh the while,
 Nor wake for them that sleepe,
 Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerfull is the beautie
 That Love doth now behold,
 As Love is turn'd to dutie,
 That's neither blind nor bold.

This beautie shewes her might
 To be of double kind,
 In giving Love his sight,
 And stiking Folly blind.

KNOWING THE WORST.*

TOSSE not my soule, O Love! 'twixt hope and feare;
 Shew me some ground where I may firmly stand,
 Or surely fall, I care not which appeare,
 So one will close mee in a certaine band:
 When once of all the uttermost is knowen,†
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrowne.

Take me, Assurance, to thy blisfull holde,
 Or thou, Despaire, unto thy darkest cell;
 Each hath full rest, the one in joyes enrolde,
 Th' other in that he feares no more is well.
 When once the uttermost of ill is knowne,
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrowne.

* In the margin these not very intelligible words are printed: —“For finding in the fields ye shall fine a better dittie.” They refer probably to some other words and air, and we ought no doubt to read “fine” *find*.

† This was not an unusual mode of spelling “known,” when it was to be pronounced as a dissyllable: it will be observed that when it occurs in the next stanza it is printed *knowne*, as a word of one syllable.

LOVE AND FORTUNE.

FACTION, that ever dwells
 In court where wit excells,
 Hath set defiance:
 Fortune and Love have sworne
 That they were never borne
 Of one alliance.

Fortune sweares weakest harts,
 The booke of Cupid's darts,*
 Turne with hir wheele.
 Sences sometimes shall prove,
 Venture hir place in love,
 Aske them that feele.

This discord it begot
 Atheist that honour not:
 Nature thought good,
 Fortune should ever dwell
 In court where wits excell,
 Love keeping the wood.

So to the wood went I,
 With love to live and die,
 Fortune forlorne:

* Should we not read *butt* for "booke" in this line? The old broad pronunciation of *butt*, perhaps, caused the error; the printer having composed from his ear.

Experience of my youth
 Made me thinke humble truth
 In desert borne.

My saint is deere to mee,
 And Jone hir selfe is shee,
 Jone faier and true:
 Jone that doth ever move
 Passions of love with love.
 Fortune, adiew!

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A SHEPHERD in a shade his plaining made
 Of love and lover's wrong,
 Unto the fairest lass that trode on grass,
 And thus began his song:—
 Restore my hart againe,
 Which thy sweet lookes hath slaine,
 Lest that inforst by your disdain I sing,
 Fye, fye on love! it is a foolish thing.

Since love and fortune will, I honour still
 Your faire and lovely eye.
 What conquest will it bee, sweet nimph, to thee
 If I for sorrow dye?
 Restore, restore, &c.

My hart where have you laid, O! cruel maide,
 To kill when you might save?
 Why have yee cast it forth, as nothing worth,
 Without a tombe or grave?

O! let it be intombed, and lye
 In your sweet minde and memorie,
 Least I resound on every warbling string
 Fye, fye on love! it is a foolish thing.

TO HIS HEART.

Wofull hart, with grieffe oppressed,
 Since my fortunes most distressed
 From my joyes hath me removed,
 Follow those sweet eies adored,
 Those sweet eies, wherein are stored
 All my pleasures best beloved.

Fly my breast, leave mee forsaken,
 Wherein grieffe his seate hath taken,
 All his arrowes through me darting:
 Thou maist live by hir sunne-shining,
 I shall suffer no more pining
 By thy losse, then by her parting.

* In R. Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" 1592, 4to. is a song with a somewhat similar burden:

"Fie on blind fancy!
 It hinders youth's joy;
 Fair virgins, learn by me
 To count love a toy."

THE ACCUSATION.

WHITE as lillies was her face:
 When she smiled
 She beeguiled,
Quitting faith with foule disgrace.
Vertue[’s] service, thus neglected,
Hart with sorrowes hath infected.

When I swore my hart her owne
 She disdained,
 I complained,
Yet shee left mee overthrowen;
Careles of my bitter groaning,
Ruthelesse bent to no relieving.

Vowes and oaths and faith assured,
 Constant ever,
 Changing never,
Yet shee could not be procured
To beleeve my paines exceeding,
From her scant neglect proceeding.

Oh! that Love should have the art
 By surmises
 And disguises,
To destroy a faithfull hart;
Or that wanton looking women
Should reward their friends as foemen.

All in vaine is ladies love,
 Quickly choosed,
 Shortly loosed;
 For their pride is to remove,
 Out alas! their looks first won us,
 And their pride hath straight undone us.

To thy selfe, the sweetest faier,
 Thou hast wounded
 And confounded
 Changeles faith with foule dispaier;
 And my service hath envied,
 And my succours hath denied.

By thine error thou hast lost
 Hart unfained,
 Truth unstained;
 And the swaine that loved most,
 More assured in love then many,
 More dispised in love then any.

For my hart, though set at nought,
 Since you will it,
 Spoile and kill it,
 I will never change my thought;
 But grieve that beautie ere was borne.*

* The last stanza evidently wants a closing line: it may be thus conjecturally supplied:—

“ First to love, then leave forlorn.”

INVOCATION TO NIGHT.*

COME, you heavy states of night,
Doe my father's spirit right.
Soundings balefull let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow.
Come, sorrow, come; her eies that sings
By thee are turned into springs.

Come, you virgins of the night,
That in dirges sad delight,
Quier my anthems; I doe borrow
Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sorrow.
Come, sorrow, come; hir eies that sings
By thee are tourned into springs.

* We may conclude that this song, as well as some that precede, was written for a character in a drama or masque of the time. The same remark will apply to succeeding productions, clearly given to persons representing Hope, Age, a Hermit, and a Pedlar.

SONG OF HOPE.

DYE not beefore thy day, poore man condemned,
 But lift thy low lookes from the humble earth:
 Kiss not dispaire, and see sweet hope contemned:
 The hag hath no delight, but mone for mirth.
 O, fye! poore fondling, fie! be willing
 To preserve thy self from killing:
 Hope, thy keeper, glad to free thee,
 Bids thee goe and will not see thee.
 Hye thee quickly from thy wrong ;
 So she endes her willing song.

SONG OF AGE.

TIME's eldest sonne, Old Age, the heyre of ease,
 Strength's foe, love's woe, and foster to devotion,
 Bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please;
 As for himself he hath no earthly motion,
 But thinks sighes, teares, vows, praiers, and sacrifices
 As good as showes, maskes, justs, or tilt devises.

DARKNESS.

MOURNE, mourne, day is with darkness fled :
 What heaven, then, governs earth?
 O! none, but hell, in heaven's stead,
 Choaks with his mists our mirth.
 Mourne, mourne, looke now no more for day,
 Nor night, but that from hell:
 Then, all must as they may
 In darknesse learne to dwell :
 But yet this change must needes change our delight,
 That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

THE HERMIT'S, SONG.

FROM fame's desire, from love's delight retir'd,
 In these sad groves an hermit's life I led,
 And those false pleasures, which I once admir'd,
 With sad remembrance of my fall I dread.
 To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
 For she less secret and as senselesse is.
 Sweet woods, the delight of solitarinesse,
 O! how much doe I love your solitarinesse.

Experience, which repentance onely brings,
 Doth bid me now my hart from love estrange:
 Love is disdain'd when it doth looke at kings,
 And love low placed base and apt to change:

Their power doth take from him his liberty,
 Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.

O! sweet woods, &c.

O! how much, &c.

You men, that give false worship unto Love,
 And seeke that which you never shall obtaine,
 The endlesse worke of Sisiphus you prove,
 Whose end is this, to know you strive in vaine.
 Hope and Desire, which now your idols bee,
 You needs must lose, and feele despaire with mee.

O! sweet woods, &c.

O! how much, &c.

You woods, in you the fairest nimphs have walked,
 Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to love;
 You woods, in whom deere lovers oft have talked,
 How doe you now a place of mourning prove!
 Wansted,* my mistres, saith this is the doome:
 Thou art loves child-bed, nursery, and tombe.

O! sweet woods, &c.

O! how much, &c.

* The mention of Wanstead shows that the piece, whatever it might be,—whether play, masque, or other entertainment of a dramatic and musical kind,—was performed there. The song itself is inscribed “to maister Hugh Holland,” who, it will be remembered, is the author of verses preceding the folio of Shakespeare’s Works in 1623.

THE PEDLAR'S SONG.*

FINE knacks for ladies, cheape, choise, brave and new;
 Good penniworths, but mony cannot move;
 I keepe a fair, but for the faire to view:
 A begger may be liberall in love.
 Though all my wares be trash, the hart is true;
 The hart is true.

Great gifts are guiles, and looke for gifts againe;
 My trifles come as treasures from my minde:
 It is a precious jewell to be plaine;
 Sometimes in shells the orient pearles wee finde.
 Of others take a sheafe, of me a graine;
 Of me a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points, laces and gloves,
 And divers toies fitting a country faier,
 But my hart, where duety serves and loves,
 Turtels and twins, courts brood, a heavenly paier.
 Happy the hart that thincks of no removes;
 Of no removes.

* Supposed to be sung by a sort of moralising Autolytus.

EYES AND HEARTS.

Now cease, my wandring eies,
 Strange beauties to admire;
 In change least comfort lies,
 Long joyes yeeld long desire.
 One faith, one love, [prove
 Makes our fraile pleasures eternall, and in sweetness
 New hopes, new joyes,
 Are still with sorrow declining unto deepe annoies.

One man hath but one soule,
 Which art cannot divide;
 If all one soule must love,
 Two loves must be denide;
 One soule, one love,
 By faith and merit united, cannot remove:
 Distracted spirits
 Are ever changing, and haplesse in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath given
 All beautie to impart,
 As well in earth as heaven;
 But she hath given one hart,
 That, though wee see
 Ten thousand beauties, yet in us one should be,
 One steadfast love,
 Because our harts stand fixt, although our eies do move.

The Percy Society,

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, POETRY, AND POPULAR
LITERATURE.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held
in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, on
Saturday, the 1st of June, 1844,

The RIGHT HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, President, in
the Chair,—

The business of the day having been opened with an
address by the President,

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated
the 1st of June, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report be received and adopted, and
the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for
their services.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 21st of May,
was read by the Secretary, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report of the Auditors be received
and adopted, and that the thanks of the Society be given
them for their services.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of Offi-
cers, when—

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

was elected President, and

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S., TREAS. S A.

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A.

J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

C. PURTON COOPER, Esq. Q.C., F.R.S., F.S.A.

PETER CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

J. H. DIXON, Esq.

WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

CAPTAIN JOHNS, R.M.

T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

LEWIS POCOCK, Esq. F.S.A.

WILLIAM SANDYS, Esq. F.S.A.

SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.

WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq. F.S.A.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., *Secretary and Treasurer.*

were elected the Council of the Society for the ensuing year.

The thanks of the Society were then voted to the editors of the Publications of the past year, to William Chappell, Esq., and Edward Rimbault, Esq., for their services as Treasurer and Secretary, to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, for the kindness with which he placed his valuable copy of Gheraerd de Leeu's *Reinike Vos* at the service of the Society, to the Royal Society of Literature for the use of their Rooms, and to the President for the warm interest which he has always taken in the proceedings of the Society, and for his able conduct in the Chair on the present occasion.

The Percy Society.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE 1st, 1844.

THE PERCY SOCIETY has now reached its fifth year, and the Council think that they can look back with some satisfaction on the collective series of works which have already been produced. By the economical application of comparatively small funds, they have been enabled to publish 1069 pages of matter during the first year, 1359 pages during the second year, 1042 pages during the third, and 1550 pages in the year which has just ended; among which will be found much curious illustration of the older popular literature and manners of our country. Feeling, however, that quantity alone is not a just measure of the utility of their labours, the Council have been looking forward with increased attention to the intrinsic merits of the works preparing for the press, and they feel confident that many of those now in preparation for publication during the fifth year, will be of equal, if not of greater value than those of any preceding year. The Council have not lost sight of a suggestion made in the report of the third year, to print from time to time the collected works of some of the distinguished authors in our elder literature whose various productions have not hitherto been assembled in any uniform series, or which have been printed incorrectly. Mr. Peter Cunningham is preparing for the press the Poems of William Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*; and Mr. Wright has

signified his willingness to edit, at a subsequent period, from contemporary manuscripts, a more correct text of the works of Chaucer than has hitherto appeared. Tyrwhitt's text of the *Canterbury Tales* is now known to be inaccurate, owing to the entire ignorance of the grammatical form and construction of the language at the time when it first appeared.

On the day of the General Meeting of the Percy Society, two books will be ready for delivery to the Members, the *History of Reynard the Fox*, edited from Caxton's edition, with an *Introductory Essay*, by W. J. Thoms, Esq. and a *Collection of Keens*, illustrative of Irish Political and Domestic History, *Manners, Music, and Superstitions*, chiefly translated by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; the former of which was intended for delivery on the first of May. And thus the Society's monthly issue will be maintained.

The publications of the last year are—

THE FOUR KNAVES.

A Series of Satirical Tracts, in verse, by Samuel Rowlands. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq. LL.D., F.S.A.

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM CONGREVE, BY JAMES THOMSON.

Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

THE PLEASANT CONCEITS OF OLD HOBSON, THE MERRY LONDONER

1607. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

MAROCBUS EXTATICUS : OR BANKES' BAY HORSE IN A TRANCE, 1597.

Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq. LL.D., F.S.A.

LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS, PART I :

Being Collections towards a History of these annual celebrations, Part I. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE,

An early English Poem. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

THIRTEEN PSALMS AND THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES,

Translated into English Verse by John Croke, in the Reign of Henry VIII. Edited by the Rev. P. Bliss, D.C.L.

AN HISTORIAL EXPOSTULATION

Against the Beastly Abusers, both of Chyrurgerie and Physyke, in oure tyme.
By John Halle, 1565. Edited by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

OLD BALLADS ILLUSTRATING THE GREAT FROST OF 1683-4,

and the Fair on the River Thames. Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq.
LL.D., F.S.A.

LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS, PART II:

Containing specimens of Dekker, Heywood, Tatham, and Jordan. Edited by
F. W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.

THE HONESTIE OF THIS AGE,

By Barnaby Rich, 1611. Edited by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

REYNARD THE FOX,

From Caxton's Edition. Edited by W. J. Thoms, Esq. F.S.A.

Among other works in different stages of preparation, it is expected that the following will be ready for delivery during the ensuing year.

1. The Poems of Blind Awdlay, from the original MS. in the Bodleian Library. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A. F.R.S. An interesting specimen of the Shropshire dialect in the fifteenth century.

2. The early English metrical version of "The Seven Sages," to be edited from a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A. One of the earliest and most remarkable medieval collections of Tales, with an introduction tracing the history of the book in its transmission from the East.

3. A collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

4. The Poems of Hoccleve, to be edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

5. The Songs and Sonnets of Dr. Donne, to be edited by Barron Field, Esq.

6. The early English Metrical Romance of Octovian, from manuscripts at Lincoln and Cambridge. To be edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A., F.R.S.

7. The English Metrical and Prose Legends of St. Brandan and his Wonderful Voyages, the "Odyssey" of the Middle Ages. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

Among other works suggested for publication, and under consideration, are—

1. "The Passe Tyme of Pleasure," by Stephen Hawes. To be edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

2. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy. To be edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

3. The History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existence of similar Offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.

4. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq. F.S.A. L. and Sc.

5. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

6. The first part of the Eighth Liberal Science, entitled *Ars Adulandi*, the Art of Flatterie, &c. By Ulpian Fulwell. From the Edition of 1579, 4to. compared with the latter impression. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. with an account of the Author, and of his other productions.

7. A complete edition of all the Ballads relating to Robin Hood.

8. A Collection of Popular Songs illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland, including A Memoir of Thurot, to be edited with introductions and notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

9. A selection from the Poems of Taylor the Water-Poet.

10. The English metrical romances of Sir Ferumbas and Sir Triamour, from MSS. at Lincoln and Cambridge. To be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

11. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

12. A Descriptive Catalogue of the Ballads contained in the Pepysian Library.

13. A Collection of Old Proverbs.

14. "A Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions. After a long Vacation for a good Terme. By Anthony Nixon. 1613." To be edited by Edward F. Rimbault Esq. L.L.D., F.S.A.

15. A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages. By J. Payne Collier, Esq.

16. The Batcheler's Banquet, or a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes, &c. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, &c. By Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by T.C. &c. 1603.

17. Songs and Poems by known and unknown Authors, to be found in Musical Miscellanies published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

18. The Compters Common-wealth; or, a Voiage made to an infernall Iland, long since discovered by many Captaines, Seafaring men, Gentlemen, Marchants, and other Tradesmen, &c. By William Fennor, his Majesties servant. 4to. 1617.

19. A notable and pleasant History of the famous renowned Knights of the Blade, commonly called Hectors, or St Nicholas Clerks. 4to. 1652.

20. Diogenes in his Singularitie. Wherein is comprehended his merry Baighting, fit for all Mens benefit. Christened by him, A Nettle for Nice Noses. By Thomas Lodge. To be edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

21. A Selection of Metrical Panegyrics on the Leaders of the Revolutionary Party in the Seventeenth Century, from Broad-sides of the Times. To be Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports, to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world. The thanks of the Society are especially due to the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, for the kindness with which he placed his valuable copy of the Flemish Reynard at the disposal of the Council.

T. J. PETTIGREW,

Chairman.

THOMAS WRIGHT,

Secretary.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS,
FOR 1844.

WE, the Auditors appointed by the Council of the Percy Society to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the 28th of April 1843, to the 21st of May 1844, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have thoroughly examined the same, together with his Receipts and other vouchers, and that we find them to be perfectly correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, during the period to which we have referred:—

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.
Balance from last year	-	6	15	10	To Mr. Richards for Printing	239	15	2	
Subscriptions due 1st May,					Messrs Fuller and Thornhill				
1840	-	19	0	0	for Paper	83	9	0	
Ditto 1841	-	33	0	0	Transcripts	28	14	3	
Ditto 1842	-	43	0	0	Binding	14	18	6	
Ditto 1843	-	242	0	0	Petty Expenses, Postage, &c.	7	7	6	
Ditto 1844	-	59	0	0	Wood Cuts	7	19	6	
Ditto in advance for 1st May					Balance in hand	28	12	5	
1845	-	1	0	0					
In part payment for a com-									
position from a Local									
Secretary	-	7	0	0					
		£410	15	10			£410	15	10

And we also certify that the sum of £41. 5s. part of the several sums paid for Transcripts in this and former years, has been paid on account of the expenses of the ensuing year.

And also that the Treasurer has reported to us, that there remains outstanding in the hands of Local Secretaries, about the sum of £40, which sum is expected to be shortly received, besides a considerable number of Subscriptions for the past year, which the Treasurer confidently expects will soon be paid.

We also beg to repeat the suggestion of former Auditors, that the Members in the country should be requested to transmit their Subscriptions, in future, *direct to the Treasurer*, as the system of Post Office Orders now presents every facility for so doing.

(Signed) { BOLTON CORNEY.
JAMES J. SCOTT.
JOHN BLACHFORD.

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